PLEASING
Poetry and Pictures:
FOR THE
MIND AND EYE.



NEW HAVEN.
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.
1850.

PLEASING

POETRY AND PICTURES:

FOR THE

MIND AND THE EYE.



Here's a pretty new Book, full of verses to sing,
And Mary can read it—oh, what a fine thing;
Then such pretty verses, and pictures too, look!
Oh, I'm glad I can read such a beautiful book.

NEW HAVEN.

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The Little Busy Bee.

An Example of Industry, for Young Children.

How doth the little busy Bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower?

How skilfully she builds her cell,—
  How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor, or of skill,
  I must be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
  Let my first years be past,

That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

The Dead Bird.

What we call Sport is too often Cruelty.

Ah! there it falls, and now 'tis dead!
The shot went thro' its pretty head,
And broke its shining wing?
How dull and dim its closing eyes;
How cold, and stiff, and still it lies!
Poor harmless little thing!

It was a lark, and in the sky,
In mornings fine, it mounted high,
To sing a pretty song;
Cutting the fresh and healthy air,
It whistled out its music there,
As light it skimmed along.

How little thought its pretty breast,
This morning, when it left its nest
Hid in the springing corn,
To find some breakfast for its young,
And pipe away its morning song,
It never should return.



Those pretty wings shall never more
Its tender nestlings cover o'er,
Or bring them dainties rare:
But long with gaping beaks they'll cry,
And then they will with hunger die,
All in the open air!

Poor little bird! If people knew
The sorrows little birds go through,
I think that even boys
Would never call it sport and fun
To stand and fire a frightful gun,
For nothing but the noise.

My Kind Mother.

A Dutiful Child is the Joy of its Parents.

I must not tease my mother,
For she is very kind;
And every thing she says to me,
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,

She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently, indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Or trifling troubles tell;
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
I have heard my father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She tended me all day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay,
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray;
How much I'll strive to please her
She every hour shall see,

For, should she go away, or die,
What would become of me!



Good Night.

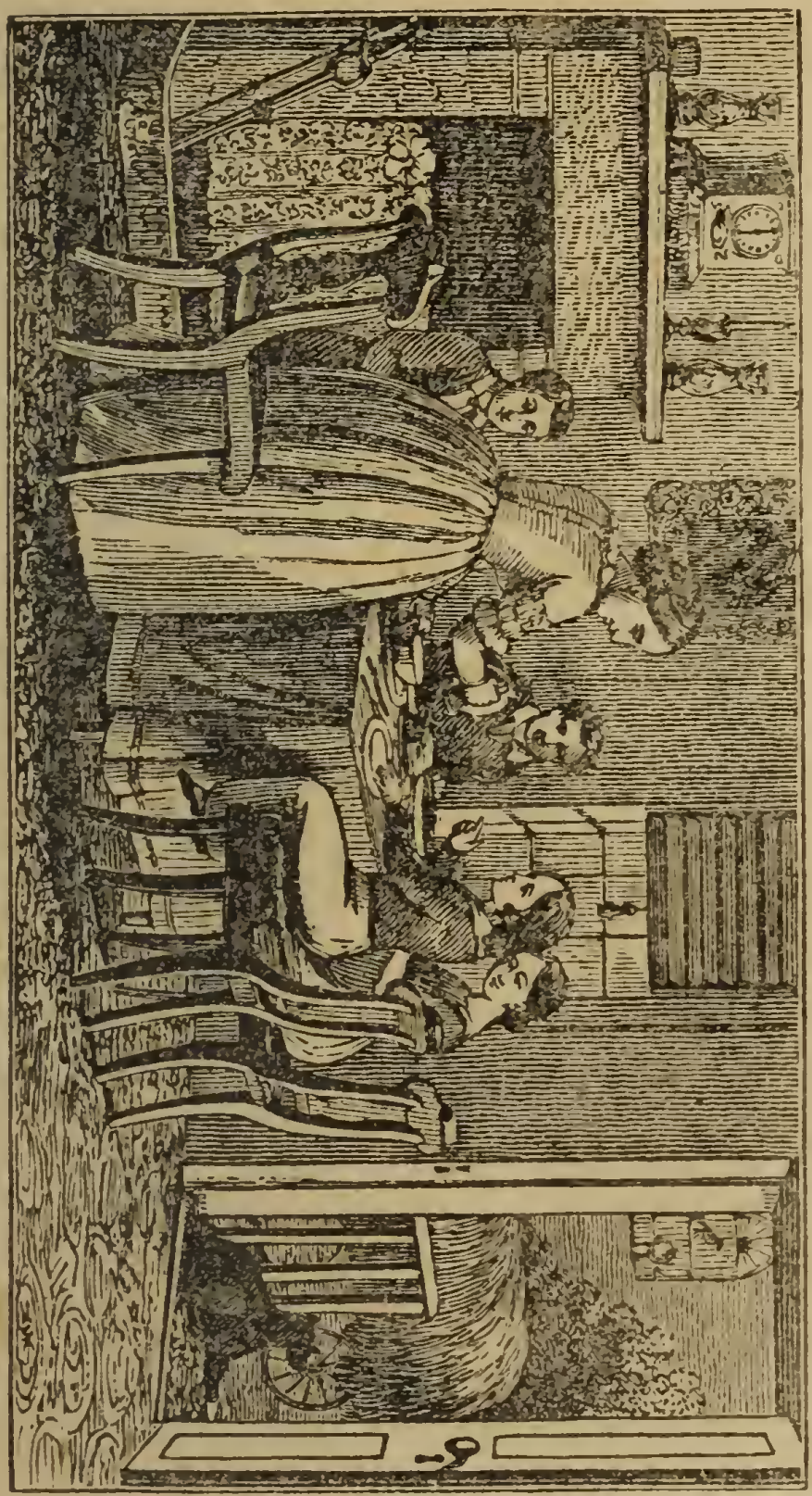
Little Children should go to Bed Early.

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good night,"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night! my father, mother dear,
Now kiss your little son;
Good night! my friends, both far and near;
Good night! to every one.

Good night! ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You too would say, "Good night!"

To all the pretty flowers, Good night!
You blossom while I sleep!



And all the stars that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut my weary eyes,
And say my evening prayer.

The Boy and the Squirrel.

No time to Play when there is Work to be done.

"Pretty Squirrel on the tree,
Frisking there so merrily,
Pray come down and play with me!"

"No, indeed, I must not stay,
I've no time with you to play,
But must gather nuts to-day.

In the hollow of this tree
I have little young ones three,
Looking for me wishfully."

Up the tree he whisk'd away,
Climbing where his young ones lay,
Snugly in their bed of hay.



Wondering gazed the little child,
At his antics free and wild,
Calling oft in accents mild,—

"Do come from thy nest so high?"
Spake the Squirrel in reply,—
"Boy, no time to play have I."



The Works of Creation.

Showing the Power and Goodness of God.

Come, children, now behold the earth
In varied beauty stand;
The product view of six days birth,—
How wondrous and how grand!

The fields, the meadows, and the plain,
The little laughing hills,
The waters too, the mighty main,
The rivers and the rills.

Come, then, behold them all, and say,
How came these things to be,
That here before, which ever way
We turn ourselves, we see.



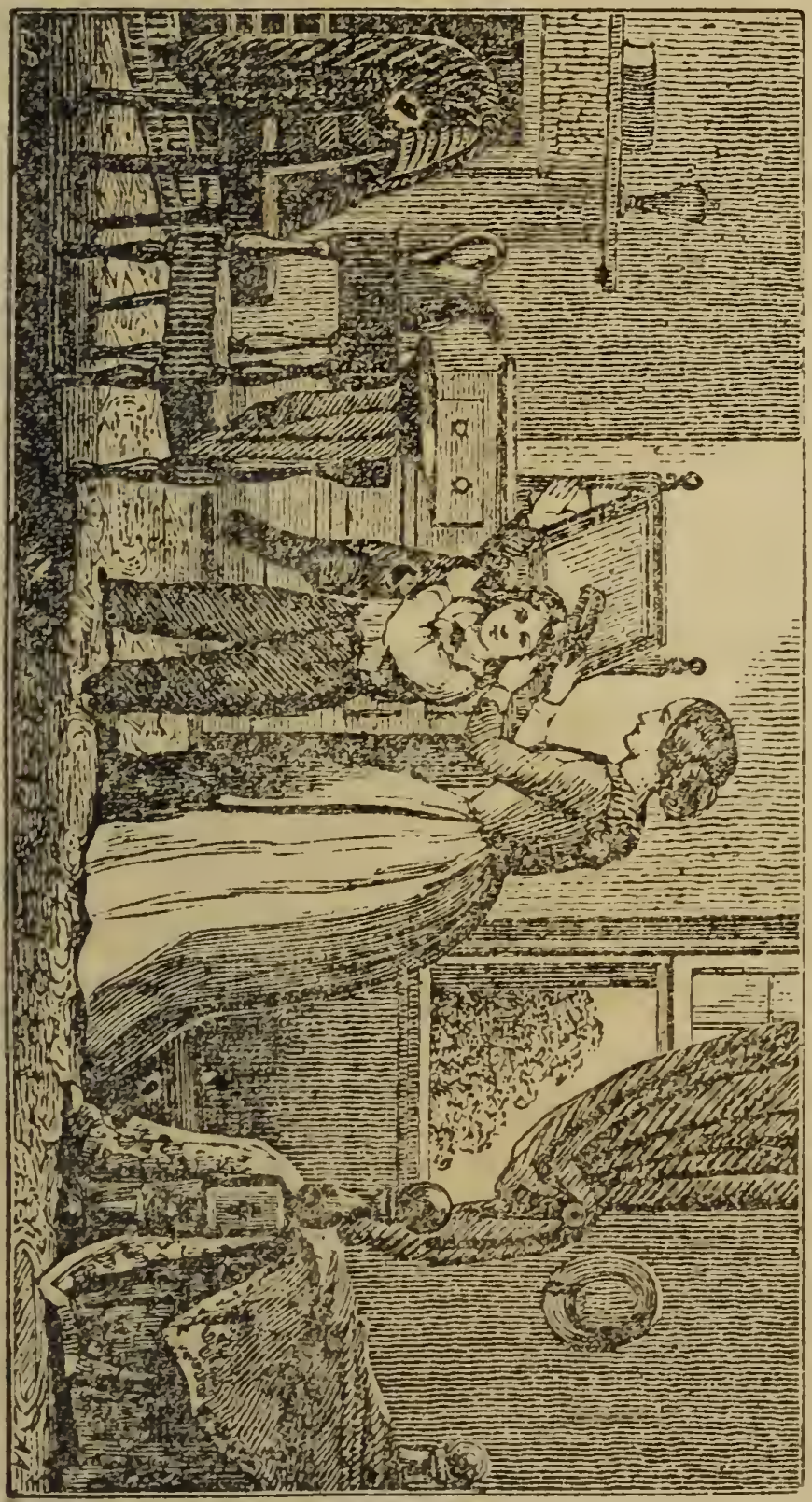
'Tis GOD who made the earth and sea;
To whom all angels bow;
The GOD who made both you and me,
The GOD who sees us now.

Early Rising.

Early to Bed and Early to Rise.

Little Frank is pale and wan,
And fretful spends the day;
The roses of his cheeks are gone,
And all his wish for play.
But look at James! his laughing eyes
A better story tell;
He, cheerful boy, is much too wise
To make himself unwell.

The reason Frank is pale and dull,
And can't enjoy his play,
While James, with spirits ever full,
Makes all around him gay,—
Is this,—James early goes to bed,
And wakes refreshed and bright,
While Frank, by foolish fancy led,
Sits up quite late at night.



The Little Brother.

Children should always be kind to each other.

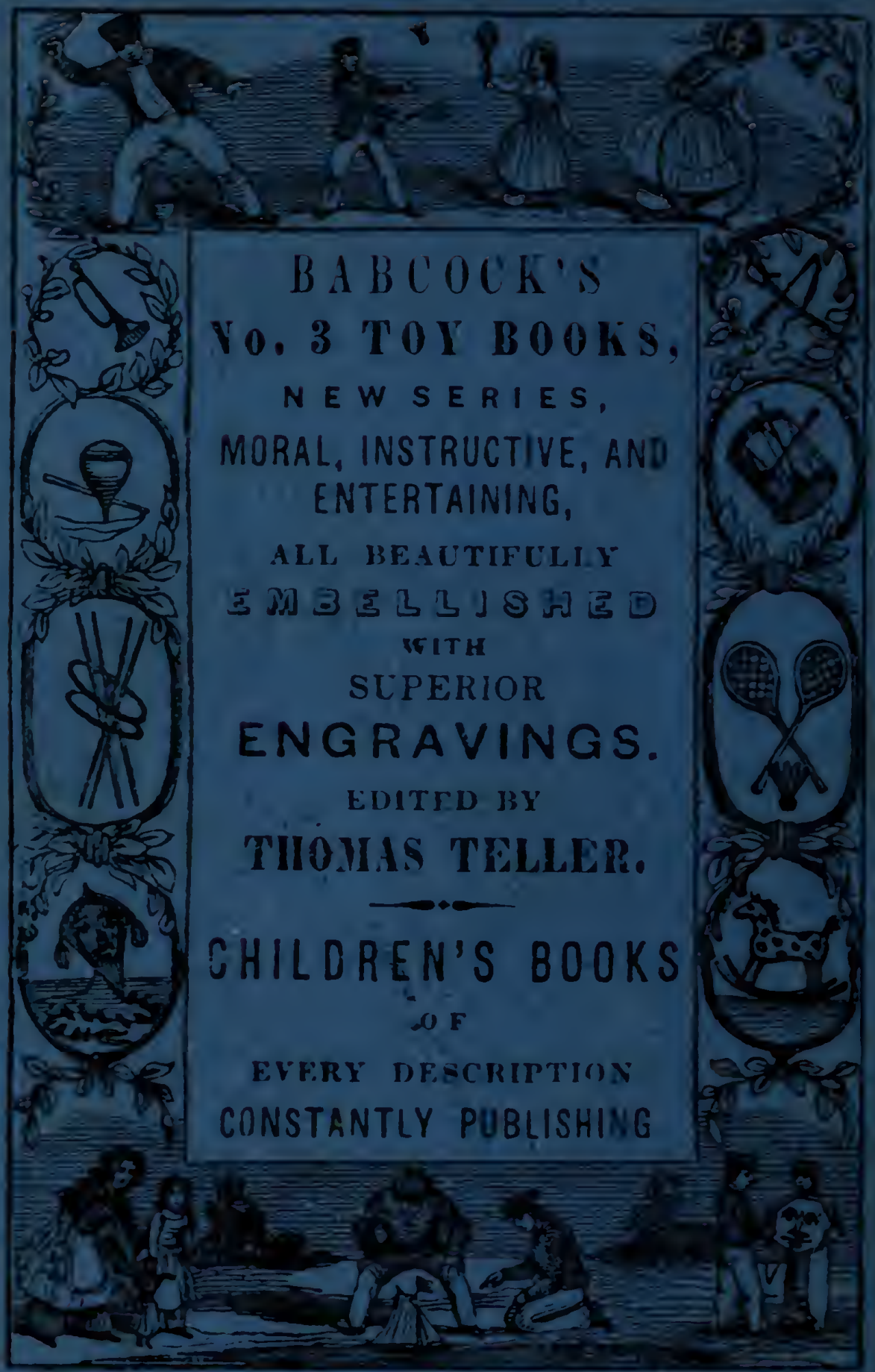
Little brother, darling boy,
  You are very dear to me!
I am pleased and full of joy,
  When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
  And could know the words I say!
Pretty stories I would seek,
  To amuse you every day;

All about the honey-bees
  Flying past us in the sun,—
Birds that sing among the trees,—
  Lambs that in the meadows run.

I'll be very kind to you,—
  Never slap or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
  Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Shake your rattle,—here it is,
  Listen to its merry noise,
And, when you are tired of this,
  I will bring you other toys.


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